But he who has made his love immortal, enshrined in a marble memory so peerless that all lovers from East and West have worshipped at its delicate inlaid shrine, and will do so for all; time, he who built the Taj, designed it, and planned it at Delhi, Shah Jehan, lost the lady of the Taj only one short year after ascending the throne. She had followed her Imperial lover on an expedition to the far Deccan, and died on the return journey.

He has been handed down to us in history as a hard and an austere man. He had waded to a throne through seas of blood, but his home-life was so perfect that when she, who was its radiance, died, he enshrined her in such a memorial as no other woman in the world had had before, nor shall have again.

Arjumand came of a brilliant family. Her grandfather, Itmad-ud-Dowlah, was a Persian adventurer, who shuffled his cards so cleverly at the Moghul Court that his daughter became an Empress, his son a great minister, his grand-daughter the Lady of the Taj. Did she unite the brains of old Itmad to the beauty of her

aunt, the Light of the World ?
When Arjumand $ied, her imperial lover
left Agra and founded the new city of Delhi-
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